Chapter 283: The Clash of Titans

The battle between the Divine Triad and the Primordial Pantheon erupted with a ferocity that the multiverse had never witnessed before. The moment Sung Jin-Woo's clone launched its first attack, the Absolute Realm itself trembled under the weight of their power.

Nyxtharion vs. Sung Jin-Woo's Clone

Nyxtharion recoiled slightly as the clone’s attack struck his form. A shockwave rippled outward, obliterating nearby stars and realms caught in its wake. Yet, the Primordial God of Chaos did not falter. He extended a hand, and from it erupted streams of chaotic energy that twisted and tore through the fabric of reality.

“Do you think your shadowy tricks can harm me?” Nyxtharion roared. His voice resonated with the authority of creation itself, and his energy surged toward the clone like an unstoppable tide.

Sung Jin-Woo’s clone, unfazed, moved with blinding speed. Shadows coalesced around it, forming a massive scythe of death. With a single swing, the weapon cut through Nyxtharion’s energy as though it were mere smoke, scattering the chaotic streams.

The clone’s voice was calm but carried an edge of disdain. “You speak of chaos, but you fail to understand true power. Let me show you.”

It disappeared in an instant, reappearing directly in front of Nyxtharion. A single punch landed squarely on the Primordial God’s form, the force of the impact so great that it created a void in space where energy and matter ceased to exist. Nyxtharion let out a bellow of pain as cracks spread across his cosmic body.

Ashborn vs. Erythnys

While Sung Jin-Woo’s clone kept Nyxtharion occupied, Ashborn confronted Erythnys. The Primordial Goddess of Despair radiated an aura that drained life and vitality from everything around her. Even Ashborn’s celestial wings dimmed slightly in her presence.

“You think you can stand against despair itself?” Erythnys hissed, her form shifting and expanding as she unleashed waves of decaying energy. “All will wither before me.”

Ashborn’s ten wings flared to life, their light pushing back against the oppressive darkness. He raised his hand, summoning a spear of pure celestial energy. “Despair is nothing but a shadow, and I have mastered all shadows. Let me show you true light.”

The spear flew with unerring precision, piercing through Erythnys's form. She screamed as the celestial energy seared her essence, but she retaliated with a storm of despair that engulfed Ashborn.

Even as his form was battered, Ashborn pressed forward, his spear reforming in his hand. He moved with calculated precision, each strike aimed to weaken Erythnys further.

Sung Su-Ho vs. Krythos

On the other side of the battlefield, Sung Su-Ho faced Krythos, the Primordial God of Boundless Hunger. Krythos's form was a grotesque amalgamation of mouths, claws, and shifting appendages. His hunger was palpable, a force that pulled at everything around him, threatening to consume it.

"You look delicious," Krythos growled, his countless mouths gnashing in unison. "Let me taste your power, little dragon."

Sung Su-Ho's dragon wings unfurled, their fiery energy blazing brightly. "You'll find me hard to swallow," he replied, his voice firm.

With a roar, Krythos lunged, his massive form attempting to engulf Sung Su-Ho in a single motion. But the dragon warrior was faster. He dodged the attack, unleashing a torrent of fiery energy that struck Krythos's side, burning through layers of his grotesque flesh.

Krythos roared in pain but quickly regenerated, his hunger fueling his resilience. "You cannot harm me! I am eternal hunger!"

Sung Su-Ho smirked. "Then let's see if you can handle this."

Drawing on the power of his three hearts, he unleashed a devastating attack—a combination of fiery and shadow energy that tore through Krythos's defenses. The Primordial God howled as chunks of his form disintegrated, unable to regenerate fast enough to keep up with the assault.

The Pantheon's Counterattack

Despite their initial setbacks, the Primordial Pantheon was far from defeated. Nyxtharion, recovering from the clone's attack, unleashed his full power. Chaos erupted around him, forming a swirling vortex of destruction that threatened to engulf the Absolute Realm.

"Enough of this!" he roared. "I will show you the true might of the Primordials!"

The vortex expanded, swallowing entire dimensions and breaking through the defenses of the Absolute Realm. Sung Jin-Woo's clone stood at the center of the maelstrom, unmoved.

“You’re still trying?” the clone said, its voice dripping with contempt. “Pathetic.”

The clone raised its hand, and shadows poured forth like a tidal wave. The shadows clashed with Nyxtharion’s chaos, the two forces struggling for dominance. For a moment, it seemed as though the chaos might prevail, but then the clone’s power surged.

With a single command, the shadows consumed the vortex, leaving Nyxtharion exposed. The clone advanced, its scythe reforming in its hand. “This ends now.”

At the same time, Erythnys and Krythos unleashed their own counterattacks. Erythnys summoned a storm of despair so vast that it threatened to drown Ashborn, while Krythos unleashed a wave of consuming energy that tore through Sung Su-Ho’s defenses.

The Turning Point

Just as the battle seemed to hang in the balance, Sung Jin-Woo himself intervened. Watching from his throne in the Umbra Citadel, he had allowed his clone and the others to fight alone, testing the strength of the Primordials. But now, he decided it was time to show them the full extent of his power.

A single step brought him to the battlefield. His towering form cast a shadow so vast that it seemed to cover the entire multiverse. His twelve wings spread wide, radiating an aura of unmatched dominance.

The Primordial Pantheon froze, their immense power suddenly dwarfed by his presence.

“Nyxtharion,” Sung Jin-Woo said, his voice calm but laced with authority. “You and your kind have overstayed your welcome.”

Before the Primordial God could respond, Sung Jin-Woo raised a hand. A sphere of shadow and light formed in his palm, pulsating with destructive energy.

“This is the difference between us,” he said simply.

He released the sphere, and it expanded rapidly, consuming Nyxtharion in an instant. The Primordial God’s form disintegrated, his screams echoing across the battlefield before fading into silence.

Erythnys and Krythos, witnessing their leader’s demise, faltered. Sung Jin-Woo turned his gaze toward them, his power intensifying. “Do you still wish to fight?”

The answer was clear. The battle was over.

Aftermath

The Primordial Pantheon had been defeated, their remnants scattered across the void. The Absolute Realm stood victorious, its defenders stronger than ever.

Sung Jin-Woo returned to his throne, his expression unreadable. He knew this would not be the last time the multiverse would face such threats. But for now, there was peace.

And in that peace, the Divine Triad prepared for whatever might come next.